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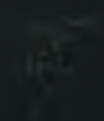
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John Donne

Heaven and Hell



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Etesdale
H.G.S.





DR. JOHN DONNE.

The Orinda Booklets

v

John Donne

Selected Poems

Henry King

Elegies, etc.

Izaak Walton

Verse-Remains



J. R. Tutin

Cottingham near Hull

1904

Limited to 1000 Copies

✓ 14456. 11. 25



*Substituted for a copy lost
(Waltham of mind)*

JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

*Donne, the delight of Phæbus and each muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet :
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give !
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife ;
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;
But leave because I cannot as I should.*

BEN JONSON.

*His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only
by his great wit ; both being made useful by a
commanding judgment.*

IZAAK WALTON.

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HENRY KING

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John Donne

Appreciatory Note

THE accompanying selection from the poetry of Donne is not, of course, to be regarded as in any sense representative of his surprising power as a maker of subtle and strangely-diversified song. What may justly be claimed for it, however, is that—with reference, especially, to the greater part of it—it does convey some idea of the quality of Donne's remarkable achievement as a lyricist, and as a singer of

‘the softnesses,
The shadow, light, the air, and life, of love.’

“Here Love's divines—since all divinity
Is love or wonder—may find all they seek,
Whether abstract spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhaled with what they do not see;
Or, loth so to amuse
Faith's infirmity, they choose
Something which they may see and use;
For, though mind be the heaven, where love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.”
(*Valediction to His Book.*)

In regard to the latter section it may be said that the few pieces therein comprised afford us at least a glimpse of the poet as he has revealed himself on his more ‘seraphical’ side—*alter et idem ego*. For, indeed, even in Donne's most pronouncedly erotic verse the *spiritual* idea is never wholly lost. Though he is ‘one of the most full-blooded,’ he is, nevertheless, as Professor Saintsbury has truly remarked, ‘one of the least earthly of English poets.’ The Donne of the Lyrical Poems may, possibly, have been the self-revealer of Mr Gosse's ingenious analysis,*—‘avid for pleasure and for knowledge and experience . . . a law unto himself.’ But there is, informing all the rapture and the passion which

* *Life and Letters*, vol. i. cp. iii.

Appreciatory Note

find expression here, something which sets them on a higher plane of thought and feeling than that on which so many of the men of Donne's age stood when they were singing of love's fleeting joys.

"But we, by a love so far refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss."
(*A Valediction forbidding Mourning.*)

Fantastic and far-fetched his verse often enough is, and those parts of it which exhibit the results of an overstrained and laborious fantasy certainly merit the censure which has been passed upon the so-called 'metaphysical' school in general. But, notwithstanding these, and other defects, it teems with the rich gold of genuine poetry, and glows with the pure fire of a natural passion and of an imagination as powerful as it is free. It is true, also, that Donne is, at times, 'untidy' in his versifying, and that, as Ben Jonson (though himself not sinless in this respect) suggested, his 'accent' is not infrequently at fault. Yet what he lacks in rhythmical perfection and limpidness of flow, he atones for by the richness, depth, and pregnancy of his thought, and by his rare faculty of enshrining in some terse phrase or telling line the intense rapture of the moment, or the vivid sense of some overmastering passion.

Not a little care has been exercised in the selection of the accompanying pieces. Exigencies of space have, of course, ruled out many which the admirer of Donne may look for in vain. Those readers, however, who make their first acquaintance with John Donne in these pages—for the anthologists have, in general, done him but scant justice—will unquestionably find their appetite whetted for more, and will find what they wish either in Dr Grosart's volumes, or in the admirable edition which Mr E. K. Chambers has contributed to the *Muses' Library*.

It only remains to add that the text of the present poems has been carefully collated, and, while making no pretensions to scholarliness or accuracy, should serve all the purposes of those for whom this little volume is primarily designed.

H. K. W.

John Donne

Selected Poems

I. Lyrical and Amatory Pieces

The Good-Morrow

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
Or slumbered we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?

John Donne

Whatever dies was not mix'd equally ;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow, when thou leav'st what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would ;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

The Undertaking

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

John Donne

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though plac'd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride ;

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Canonization

FOR God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love ;
Or chide my palsy or my gout ;
My true grey hairs or ruin'd fortune flout ;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts, improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace ;
Or the King's real or his stamp'd face
Contemplate ; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

John Donne

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward Spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love ;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us ; we two being one, are it ;
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse ;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love ;

And thus invoke us, " You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage ;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage ;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes ;
So made such mirrors. and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize :—
Countries, towns, courts beg from above
A pattern of your love."

John Donne

Lovers' Infiniteness

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all ;
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall ;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent :
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant :
If, then, thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all which thou hadst then :
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears ;
For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was, thy gift being general :
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet ;
He that hath all can have no more ;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
store.

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart ;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it :
Love's riddles are, that, though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it,
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts,—to join them ; so we shall
Be one, and one another's All.

John Donne

Love's Growth

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the grass ;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul, or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure and abstract as they use
To say which have no mistress but their Muse ;
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown ;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awaken'd root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produced by one, love such additions take,
Those like so many spheres but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee ;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

John Donne

Love's Deity

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he who then loved most
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Passives : Correspondency
Only his subject was :—it cannot be
Love, if I love who loves not me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O, were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too ;
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate ; and that must be
If she whom I love should love me.

Song

SWEETEST love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;

John Donne

But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feign'd death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day ;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way :
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall !
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill ;
Destiny may take thy part
And may thy fears fulfil ;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep :
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

John Donne

The Legacy

WHEN I died last,—and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago
(And lovers' hours be full eternity)—
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow ;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, " Tell her anon,
That myself,"—that is you, not I—
" Did kill me ;" and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone ;
But I, alas, could there find none ;
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should
lie,
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had ;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part ;
As good as could be made by art
It seemed, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But, oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

The Anniversary

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes time, as these pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was

John Donne

When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw
 Only our love hath no decay ;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;
 If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears ;
 But souls where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This or a love increased there above.
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
 remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest ;
 But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we, where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two ?
 True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write three score ; this is the second of our reign.

The Dream

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream ;
 It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely ; yet
My dream thou brak'st not, but continu'dst it :

John Donne

Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories.
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me.
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight ;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then ;
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's as strong as he ;
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me ;
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come : then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

The Message

SEND home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee ;
But if they there have learned such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

John Donne

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain :
But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning

(Upon parting from his Mistress)

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go ;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now"—and some say, "no" ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move ;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant ;
But trepidation of the spheres,
 greater far, is innocent.

John Donne

Dull, sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Ecstasy

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

John Donne

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring ;
Our eyebeams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one ;
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which to advance their state
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay ;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.

If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love ;
We see by this, it was not sex ;
We see, we saw not, what did move :

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
one, each this, and that.

John Donne

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are composed and made,
For th' atomies of which we grow
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, oh, alas, so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we ; we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man Heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air :
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can ;
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man ;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

John Donne

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on Love reveal'd may look :
Love's mysteries in souls do grow
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover such as we
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies gone.

The Will

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies : Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine ears ;
To women, or the sea, my tears.
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much
before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the Court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to Buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any who abroad have been ;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of ^{civility}
rsity ;

John Donne

My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
 My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends ; mine industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ ;
 And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do
 but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
 All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth,
And all your graces no more use shall have
 Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all
 three.

John Donne

The Funeral

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm ; *
The mystery, the sign you must not touch :
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts and make me one of all,
Those hairs, which upward grew and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't : except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's Martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some
of you.

* Cf. *The Relique* : " A bracelet of bright hair about the bone."

John Donne

The Relique

WHEN my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have leach'd that womanhead,
To be to more than one a bed)
And he, that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,*
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us reliques: then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex we never knew
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free
These miracles we did; but now, alas,
All measure and all language I should pass
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

* Cf. *The Funeral*: "That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm."

John Donne

The Blossom

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough
 Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hopest her stiffness by long siege to bow,
 Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere that sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou which lovest to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas, if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay ;
You go to friends, whose love and means present
 Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part ;
If then your body go, what need your heart ?

Well then, stay here ; but know,
When thou hast stay'd and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
How shall she know my heart ; or, having none,
 Know thee for one ?
Practice may make her know some other part ;
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

John Donne

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stay'd still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too ;
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

The Prohibition

TAKE heed of loving me ;
At least remember I forbade it thee ;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast ;
But so great joy our life at once outwears.
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me ;
Or too much triumph in the victory ;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate ;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too ;
So these extremes shall ne'er office do ;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way ;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me ;
Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay ;
So shall I live, thy stage, not triumph, be.
Then, lest thou thy love hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

John Donne

The Computation

FOR my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou couldst be gone away ;
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty on hopes that thou wouldst they might last ;
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two ;
A thousand, I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you ;
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life ; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal ; can ghosts die ?

Song

SOUL's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light ;
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words but sense deep ;
For when we miss
By distance our hope's joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss ;

John Donne

Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet ;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way ?
O give no way to grief, etc.

The Token

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest ;
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribbon wrought with thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth ; nor ring to show the stands
Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity ;
No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
Laced up together in congruity,
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best ;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this nor that, to increase my store,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

The Autumnal

No Spring, nor Summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face ;
Young beauties force your love, and that's a rape ;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.

John Donne

If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame ;
Affections here take Reverence's name.
Were her first years the Golden Age? that's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time ;
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from
 hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves ; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or else he is nowhere.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,
Vow'd to this trench, like an anchorite,
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he ; though he sojourn everywhere
In progress, yet his standing house is here ;
Here, where still evening is, not noon, nor night ;
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at council, sit.
This is Love's timber ; youth his underwood ;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood ;
Which then comes seasonablest when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so old as she ;
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with Age's glory, barrenness.
If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not winter faces, whose skin's slack,
Lank as an unthrif's purse, but a soul's sack ;
Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade ;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made ;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,
To vex their souls at resurrection ;
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these not ancients but antiques be.

John Donne

I hate extremes ; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles to wear out a day.
Since such Love's natural station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after glowing beauties ; so
I shall ebb out with them who homeward go.

The Dream

IMAGE of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value : go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull ; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then phantasy is queen, and soul, and all ;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true ;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.
But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay ;
Alas ! true joys at best are dreams enough.
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

John Donne

Ode *

*That time and absence prove
Rather helps than hurts to love.*

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length :
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion,
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion ;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain ;
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain.
There I embrace and kiss her ;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

* It is due to the uncritical reader to point out that this poem is one of those which, though they have been ascribed to Donne, do not appear in the earlier collections of his verse. Dr Grosart unhesitatingly includes it, while Mr E. K. Chambers (*Muses' Library* Edition) relegates it, with others, to an Appendix, remarking, however, that "the style, rhythm, and thought are . . . all markedly Donne's."

John Donne

II. Miscellaneous Poems

Three Sonnets

(From the section entitled "Holy Sonnets")

I

I AM a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic sprite ;
But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh, both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heaven, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drowned no more :
But, oh, it must be burnt ; alas, the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler ; let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

II

Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay ?
Repair me now ; for now mine end doth haste ;
I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
Despair behind, and Death before, doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards Hell doth weigh :
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain :

John Donne

Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And Thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

III

Death, be not proud, though some have call'd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow :
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke ; why swell'st thou, then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt die.

Ode

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults ; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus, blind, yet still
We lead her way ; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill :
Enough we labour under age and care ;
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent,
(Strange thing !) perceive not ; our faults are not seen,
But past us ; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

John Donne

But we know ourselves least ; mere outward shows
Our minds to store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour : only he who knows
Himself, knows more.

A Hymn to Christ At the Author's last going into Germany

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy ark ;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood ;
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto Thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me ;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou Thy blood betwixt my sins and Thee.
As the trees' sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but Thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul ;
But Thou wouldst have that love thyself : as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now ;
Thou lov'st not till from loving more Thou free
My soul ;—whoever gives, takes liberty.
O, if Thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, Thou lov'st not me.

John Donne

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to Thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light :
To see God only I go out of sight ;
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

A Hymn to God the Father

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

John Donne

Translated out of Gazæus

Vota Amico Facta, Fol. 160.

GOD grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things, outshine :
May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares ;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs ;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds ;
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds ;
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing ;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling ;
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise ;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies ;
Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine :
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

.

Henry King

[As suitable companions to Dr Donne, his two friends Henry King, D.D. (1592-1669) and Izaak Walton are here represented : the former by a small collection chiefly of his elegiac poems ; the latter by a full reprint of his verse-remains. To speak of the latter it is not necessary. Of the former's verses but a few words can be offered. They have not been reprinted since 1843, and then only in part. In these days of multifarious reprints they are deserving of reproduction, if only for the sake of their almost unique excellences of neatness, elegance, delicate fancy, and almost unsurpassed tenderness. These qualities are shown very markedly in all the elegiac pieces as well as in others.

His *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonnets* were originally published in 1657.

It is only fair to the Editor of the *DONNE* portion of the present booklet to say that he is no wise responsible for the present selection from Henry King's *Poems*. It is offered with some measure of diffidence, seeing that the editor has not been able to consult the *Editio princeps* of 1657. The short piece, *Sic Vita*, may not be King's, but it has excellent authority for being his, and could not be omitted from the present collection.—
J. R. T.]

Elegies, Etc.,

Upon the death of my ever-
desired friend

Doctor Donne, Dean of Paul's

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest flights, that is, like thee ;
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe ;
For such excesses find no epitaph.

Henry King

At common graves, we have poetic eyes,
Can melt themselves in easy elegies ;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, with the hatchments, to the hearse :
But at thine, Poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language !) we have none ;
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron ; whose prerogative
Maintain'd and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dower estate :
Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empirics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
For all a low-pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove, at best, but hallow'd injuries.

Thou, like the dying swan, didst lately sing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King ;
When pale looks, and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesied by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
O ! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell ;
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou mightst the Poet's service now have miss'd,
As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest :
And never to the world beholden be
So much as for an epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office. Nor is't fit,
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,

Henry King

Shouldst now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee, which once was thine.
Rather still leave us in thy debt ; and know
(Exalted soul !) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy hearse what we can never pay,
Than with embasèd coin those rites defray.
Commit we then thee to thyself : nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thine own fame
Leave thee executor ; since, but thy own,
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast desert ; save that, we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes' guardian.
So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

To my dead friend Ben Jonson

I SEE that wreath, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale dart. For, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men.
Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.
Among those many votaries who come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb ;
Whil'st some more lofty pens, in their bright verse,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy hearse,)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee ;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory ;
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own fire.
What ends soever others' quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,

Henry King

But merely Love and Justice to the dead
Which raised my fameless Muse ; and caused her bring
These drops, as tributes thrown into that spring
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.

For 'tis but truth, thou taught'st the ruder age
To speak by grammar, and reform'dst the stage :
Thy Comic Sock induced such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion ;
That thus refin'd and robed, it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state ?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine
From Chapman's pen, and from thy *Catiline*.
All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expense,
Is only this poor boon ; that those who can
Perhaps read French, or talk Italian,
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
To show their skill in foreign dialect,
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise,
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise,
(As if her Poets, both for style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd, their best that writ,)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height and strength and plenty of their own.

Thus in what low earth or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, *thy book* shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers ; and feel thyself renew'd,
Whilst thy immortal, never-with'ring bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy readers' praise.
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or spite of all their lead and cere-cloth rot,
Thou, wrapt and shrin'd in *thine own sheets* wilt lie
A relic famed by all posterity.

Henry King

The Legacy

My dearest Love ! when thou and I must part,
And th' icy hand of death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine ; within some spacious will
I'll leave no blanks for legacies to fill :

'Tis my ambition to die one of those,
Who, but himself, hath nothing to dispose.

And since that is already thine, what need
I to re-give it by some newer deed ?
Yet take it once again. Free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance :
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before
Proclaims his bounty richer than his store.

But let me not upon my love bestow
What is not worth the giving. I do owe
Somewhat to dust : my body's pamper'd care
Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
That mould'ring relic which in earth must lie,
Would prove a gift of horror to thine eye.

With this cast rag of my mortality
Let all my faults and errors buried be.
And as my cere-cloth rots, so may kind fate
Those worst acts of my life incinerate.
He shall in story fill a glorious room,
Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one tomb.

If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
Some melting sighs as thy last offering,
My peaceful exequies are crown'd. Nor shall
I ask more honour at my funeral.
Thou wilt more richly balm me with thy tears,
Than all the nard fragrant Arabia bears.

Henry King

And as the Paphian queen by her grief's shower
Brought up her dead love's spirit in a flower,
So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eyes
Out of my dust, O may some virtue rise !
And like thy better Genius thee attend,
Till thou in my dark period shalt end.

Lastly, my constant truth let me commend
To him thou choosest next to be thy friend.
For (witness all things good) I would not have
Thy youth and beauty married to my grave,
'Twould show thou didst repent the style of wife,
Shouldst thou relapse into a single life.

They with preposterous grief the world delude,
Who mourn for their lost mates in solitude ;
Since widowhood more strongly doth enforce
The much lamented lot of their divorce.
Themselves then of their losses guilty are
Who may, yet will not, suffer a repair.

Those were barbarian wives that did invent
Weeping to death at th' husband's monument ;
But in more civil rites she doth approve
Her first, who ventures on a second love ;
For else, it may be thought, if she refrain,
She sped so ill, she durst not try again :

Up then, my love, and choose some worthier one
Who may supply my room when I am gone ;
So will the stock of our affection thrive
No less in death, than were I still alive.
And in my urn I shall rejoice, that I
Am both testator thus and legacy.

Henry King

The Exequy

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint ;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou mightst
see

Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee : thou art the book,
The library, whereon I look,
Though almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes :
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns ; this, only this,
My exercise and business is :
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolved into showers.
Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous ;
Thou hast benighted me ; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past),
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run ;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,

Henry King

And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanack.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime ;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then ;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return ;
And putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me ! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes : never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
My little world ! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss : then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime, thou hast her, earth : much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her, whom living I loved best :
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity,
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie :
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight ;
For thou must audit on thy trust

Henry King

Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer him that lent,
Not gave, thee, my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw ; my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves ; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay ;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears :
Nor labour I to stem the tide,
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall, at last, sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution

Henry King

With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

The Surrender

MY once dear Love ! hapless that I no more
Must call thee so—the rich affection's store
That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent.
Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.
We, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give,
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly heats ; witness that breast,
Which in thy bosom anchored his whole rest,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite .
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envÿ
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind. Oh that the stars,
When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars !
Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief ;
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.
Fold back our arms ; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves

Henry King

Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself,—so thou again art free ;
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each. So fare our severed hearts,
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

The Dirge

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war, or slumbered strife ?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements ;
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which bears his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep :
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth :
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are ;

Henry King

Till in the mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about :
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include ;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

On two Children, dying of one disease, and buried in one grave

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entombed are ;
One place, one sire, one womb, their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their parents' tears
This comfort mingles ; though their days were few,
They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew ;
So that they well might boast, they carried hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence

You pretty losses, that revive the fate,
Which in your mother, death did antedate,
Oh let my high-swol'n grief distil on you
The saddest drops of a parental dew :

Henry King

You ask no other dower than what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies :
When once I have discharg'd that mournful score,
Heaven hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

Silence

PEACE, my heart's blab, be ever dumb,
Sorrows speak loud without a tongue ;
And, my perplexèd thoughts, forbear
To breathe yourselves in any ear ;
'Tis scarce a true or manly grief,
Which gads abroad to find relief.

Was ever stomach, that lack'd meat,
Nourish'd by what another eat ?
Can I bestow it, or will woe
Forsake me, when I bid it go ?
Then I'll believe a wounded breast
May heal by shrift, and purchase rest.

But if, imparting it, I do
Not ease myself, but trouble two,
'Tis better I alone possess
My treasure of unhappiness :
Engrossing that, which is my own
No longer than it is unknown.

If silence be a kind of death,
He kindles grief who gives it breath ;
But let it raked in embers lie,
On thine own hearth 'twill quickly die ;
And spite of fate, that very womb
Which carries it, shall prove its tomb.

Henry King

To Patience

DOWN, stormy passions, down ; no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits, and hides
Her from the fury of your tides.
Fit only 'tis, where you bear sway,
That fools or frantics do obey ;
Since judgment, if it not resists,
Will lose itself in your blind mists.

Fall easy, Patience, fall like rest
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast :
And where those rebels you espy,
O ! in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up ! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The sovereign virtue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm.

“ Tell me no more how fair
she is.”

TELL me no more how fair she is,
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near :
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late :
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

Henry King

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame,
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

Brave Flowers

BRAVE flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain !
You come abroad and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud : you know your birth :
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever spring :
My fate would know no winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.
Oh that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

Oh teach me to see Death and not to fear ;
But rather to take truce !
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce !
You fragrant flowers ! then teach me, that my breath
Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

Sic Vita

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;

Henry King

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood ;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past and man forgot.

The Poems of Izaak Walton

Author of the "Compleat Angler"

[This and the succeeding pages comprise the whole of the verse-remains of the father of angling, IZAAK WALTON. An annotated collection of his poems forms the second division of *Lyrical Poems* by COTTON and WALTON, edited by J. R. Tutin (1903).—J. R. T.]

An Elegy upon Dr Donne

Is Donne, great Donne deceased? then, England, say
Thou hast lost a man where language chose to stay,
And show its graceful power. I would not praise
That, and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud), but as they serv'd to unlock
That cabinet, his mind : where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his decease ; such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies.

And wonder not ; for when a general loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the Cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction ; witness my mild pen,
Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Izaak Walton

Dull age ! oh, I would spare thee : but th'art worse :
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude ; if not, couldst thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day ?
Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Was all philosophy ? Was every sin
Character'd in his Satires ? made so foul
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their
soul

Freer by reading verse ? Did he give days
Past marble monuments to those whose praise
He would perpetuate ? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year ?

But, more matured, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious, holy numbers weave
A Crown of sacred sonnets, fit to adorn
A dying martyr's brow ; or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then ?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical ?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ ?
Spake he all languages ? Knew he all laws ?
The grounds and use of physick, but, because
'Twas mercenary, waiv'd it ? Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity ?
Did he return and preach Him ? preach him so
As none but he did, or could do ? They know
(Such as were blest to hear him know) 'tis truth.
Did he confirm thy aged ? convert thy youth ?
Did he these wonders ? and is this dear loss
Mourned by so few ? (few for so great a cross).

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral ;
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care :

Izaak Walton

Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably (as poison'd fumes
Do waste the brain), make silence a safe way
T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body), to remain
With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have ; for, with him, all
Are satisfied with joys essential.

My thoughts, dwell on this joy, and do not call
Grief back by thinking of his funeral ;
Forget he loved me ; waste not my sad years
Which haste to David's seventy), fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death ; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts ;
v / And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him ;
Forget his powerful preaching ; and forget
I am his convert. Oh, my frailty ! let
My flesh be no more heard ; it will obtrude
This lethargy ; so should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should so be broke ;
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself ; for which cause, I
Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegy* ;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as Donne's matchless worth.

On William Marshall's Portrait of Donne

THIS was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that Time
Most count their golden age ; but 'twas not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refin'd
v From youth's dross, mirth and wit, as thy pure mind

Izaak Walton

Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last best days.

Witness this book (thy Emblem) which begins
With love ; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

On the Death of my dear Friend Mr William Cartwright, relating to [his] Elegies

I CANNOT keep my purpose, but must give
Sorrow and verse their way ; nor will I grieve
Longer in silence ; no, that poor, poor part
Of nature's legacy, verse void of art,
And undissembled tears, Cartwright shall have
Fixt on his hearse ; and wept into his grave.

Muses, I need you not ; for grief and I
Can in your absence weave an elegy ;
Which we will do ; and often interweave
Sad looks, and sighs ; the groundwork must receive
Such characters or be adjudged unfit
For my friend's shroud : others have show'd their wit,
Learning, and language fitly ; for these be
Debts due to his great merits ; but for me,
My aims are like myself, humble and low,
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The world what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose words and deeds were perfect harmony.

But now 'tis lost ; lost in the silent grave,
Lost to us mortals, lost, till we shall have
Admission to that kingdom, where he sings
Harmonious anthems to the King of kings.
Sing on, blest soul ! be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise : sing on, whilst I lament
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,

Izaak Walton

With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live and die like thee,—
To live beloved, die mourned ; thus in my grave ;
Blessings that kings have wished, but cannot have.

On Dr Richard Sibbes

OF this blest man let this just praise be given :
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.

To my Reverend Friend the Author of *The Synagogue*

SIR,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person ; but now love you more,
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind :
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire
Where holy Herbert sits
(Oh shame to profane wits !)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days.

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear :
Herbert and you have power
To do this : every hour
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it ; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

Izaak Walton

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W' are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you
And Herbert, and renew
My vows, and say : Well fare his and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.

The Angler's Wish

I IN these flowery meads would be :
These cyrstal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my Angle would rejoice :
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers :
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise >
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set :

Izaak Walton

There bid good-morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away,
And Angle on ; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.


In Praise of my Friend [Lewes Roberts] and his Book, ["The Merchant's Map of Commerce]" 1638,

If thou wouldst be a Statesman, and survey
Kingdoms for information, here's a way
Made plain and easy ; fitter far for thee
Than great Ortelius his geography.

/ If thou wouldst be a Gentleman, in more
Than title only, this Map yields thee store
Of observations, fit for ornament
Or use, or to give curious ears content.

^ If thou wouldst be a Merchant, buy this book,
For 'tis a prize worth gold ; and do not look
Daily for such disbursements ; no 'tis rare,
And should be cast up with thy richest ware.

Reader, if thou be any of all three
(For these may meet and make a harmony),
Then praise this author for his useful pains,
Whose aim is public good, not private gains. //



Izaak Walton

To [Edward Sparke, B.D.]
upon the sight of the First
Sheet of his Book, ["Scintillula
Altaris," 1652]

MY worthy friend, I am much pleased to know
You have begun to pay the debt you owe /
By promise, to so many pious friends,
In printing your choice Poems ; it commends
Both them, and you, that they have been desired
By persons of such judgment ; and admired
They must be most, by those that best shall know
What praise to holy Poetry we owe.

So shall your Disquisitions too ; for, there
Choice learning, and blest piety, appear.
All useful to poor Christians : where they may
Learn primitive devotion. Each Saint's day
Stands as a land-mark in an erring age,
To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
To the celestial Canaan ; and each fast
Is both the soul's direction, and repast :

All so exprest, that I am glad to know
You have begun to pay the debt you owe. †

Izaak Walton

To my Ingenious Friend,
Mr Brome, on his Various and
Excellent Poems: an Humble
Eclogue. Written on the 29th
of May 1660

Damon and Dorus

Damon. Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down;
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's returned! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing,
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus. 'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have sunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be raised.

Damon. What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May:
Let Rebels' spirits sink: let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou; let us be glad.
And, Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee:
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws:
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods:
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.

Izaak Walton

Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of May ;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

Dorus. Written by whom?

Damon. A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine :
A civil swain, that knows his times
For business, and that done, makes rhymes ;
But not till then : my Friend's a man
Loved by the Muses ; dear to Pan ;
He blest him with a cheerful heart :
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Dorus. I would fain see him.

Damon. Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech-tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perigot, and Amaryllis,
Tityrus and his dear Chlora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora :
There we'll dance, shake hands, and sing,
We have our Laws,

GOD BLESS THE KING.

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